

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 5

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

TO A WATERFOWL	49
THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH, III	49
THE STILL HOUR	50
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	51
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
AS OTHERS SEE US	52
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
ANIMALS AND THEIR HEROISM	52
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—	
THE THIRD STANDARD	53
A CAT'S TRICKS	57
DO YOUR BEST ALWAYS	57
MALTA AND TOM	58
ON THINKING GLAD	58
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	59
THE EDITOR'S CORNER	59
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	60
IMPORTANT NOTICES	60

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly limned upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon thy toil shall end;
Soon thou shalt find a summer home, and
rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my
heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
tain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

"When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you
into all Truth."—JOHN xvi. 13.

III.

Let your boy or girl start on that career.
Let her take her lessons at school, not worried
by this proud thought that she shares God's
power; no—rather glad in the joy that she
can certainly do them well. Let the boy
make his autumn search for chestnuts, or
let him mount his bicycle, with the simple
determination that what he does in chest-
nut-hunting, or what he does in bicycling,
shall be done as well as it can be done.
There shall be nothing shabby about it; he
will not shirk, he will not leave to somebody
else the hard work while he takes the soft
places. Let her, and let him, so go forward
in young life, in its duties or in its amuse-
ments, gladly accepting the universe, part-
ners in the universe. She shall go to an
evening party—yes, to have a good time
herself, but also resolved that everybody
else shall have a good time. He shall drill
in the school battalion—yes, determined that
he will be well up in the manual, but equally
determined that the battalion shall be well
up in the manual. He will help James and
George and Arthur, who are behindhand, as
he would be glad to have Horace and Frank
help him. The law of the universe is that
boys shall do as they would be done by, and
he will be one of those boys.

They shall leave school and enter on the
wider career which comes as they change into
men and women. And he or she shall take
this wider career, not as some poor mechani-

cal function, which has been marked by any Lord High Chamberlain, by any leader of the "four hundred," or by any other mechanical director. No. They go Godled into this undiscovered life. Why, it is as Columbus stepped upon his beautiful San Salvador. He knew God made him master of its fresh breezes, of its sweet perfumes, and he enjoyed the companionship of those who gathered around him. They are young; yes, and they have the omnipotence of youth. Happy are they? Yes, and they enter blithely into the joy of the new life which unfolds to the right hand and to the left, with infinite possibilities. Every morning I will listen to see what the Spirit of Truth directs for that day. I will ask, confident, what counsel he has for me.

Such as he and she do not mean to do this and that, simply because the rest do it. If the rest are right in doing it, all's well; but if the rest are merely misled by a set of queer, old, moss-grown traditions, so much the worse for them. "That is not my way. I ask for the Spirit of Truth in every morning's prayer; here is the Spirit of Truth, and by the Spirit of Truth I live. God helps me in that way, and God helps me in no other." To that boy or girl, to that young man or young woman, life thus assumes gladness, power—yes, and victory, not conceived of by him who is thinking of himself, who is trying experiments with this flavor or that appetite.

One sees now and then—one sees often, as we are glad to say—men in the vigor of active life, who hardly know it themselves, perhaps, but who are thus going and coming as integral parts of the universe of God, because they are engaged in his business and are doing his work. "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." You see men in the legislature and in Congress whom no shyster thinks of approaching with his bribes. It is perfectly known that such men go and come, alive with a higher life than that which is governed by appetite or ambition. They have stood on the pinnacle of the Temple, they have seen all the kingdoms of the earth, and they have said: "Get thee behind me, Satan! I will worship the Lord my God, and him only will I serve." We are always thus falling back on these simplest texts, the texts of the greatest trials and the greatest victories, and this we ought to do. That is, we must not shape our lives on the little maxims of convention or fashion—on those petty receipts for life, shall I say, which say that honesty is the best policy. We must assert our infinite privilege and

use our infinite power. The astronomer watches the occultation of a satellite of Jupiter, millions on millions of miles away, because he would find out whether this little brook in the valley is on this side or that side of a given parallel. But that comparison, of millions of miles of the universe against the furlong or two of our earthly measurements, fails to serve us. It is even nothing when we remember how the child of God, for the management of the hours between breakfast and dinner, may live in God's life, may work out God's purposes, and so may enjoy God's omnipotence. "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."

I ask what hinders the coming of the Spirit of Truth into my life or yours? Jesus says squarely, "When he shall come he shall lead you into all Truth." And all history shows—nay, our own tender memories and friendships show—that he knew what he said. We see some lives led by the Spirit of Truth. The good God himself leads a loving child along.

Why not always? one asks. Why is not God's will always done on earth as in heaven? Because if I choose to shut my eyes I cannot see the horizon. Because if I choose to beat a drum I cannot hear the thrush or the glad breath of the south wind in the forest. Because if I choose to benumb my taste with coca or with ether I cannot taste the flavor of the peach, I cannot smell the perfume of the rose. I am a child of God and so I can choose—choose to see or to be blind. I can listen, or I can refuse to hear.

But I may open my heart to the Holy Spirit. I may live as an Immortal lives. I may make all around me glad, because I take the Spirit of Truth for my spirit. I may help forward all who are weak because I accept the almightiness of God.—*Edward E. Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,

To visit earth, as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,

When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,

Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
 There gleams no wing along the empyrean
 now;
 And many a tear from human eyes has
 started,
 Since angel touch has calmed a mortal
 brow.

No; earth has angels, though their forms are
 moulded
 But of such clay as fashions all below;
 Though harps are wanting and bright pin-
 ions folded,
 We know them by the love-light on their
 brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
 Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless
 tread;
 Where smitten hearts were drooping like the
 willow,
 They stood "between the living and the
 dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
 Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
 I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
 They smiled upon the wingless watchers
 there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
 In crowded halls, by the lone widow's
 hearth;
 And where they passed, the fallen have up-
 risen,
 The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had
 birth.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
 That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
 Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
 And wear its glory like a starry crown.
 —Miss Winslow.

The highest human symbol of Omnipotence
 is the power to do honest, earnest,
 worthy work; and out of that are the issues
 of life.—James A. Garfield.

All true work is sacred; in all true work,
 were it but true hand labor, there is some-
 thing of divineness.—Carlyle.

Climb the mountains and get their good
 tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you
 as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will
 blow their own freshness into you, and the
 storms their energy, while cares will drop off
 like autumn leaves.—John Muir.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call
 upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.—
Psalm cxlv. 18.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs.
 W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in
 the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking
 "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before
 sending it, else the person who requests it may receive
 several copies. When any one writes directly to you, ask-
 ing for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols,
 saying that you have sent it. When you receive more
 requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club
 to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street,
 Boston, Mass., offers leaflets on "The
 Study of the New Testament."

J. W. Kennedy, 634 Canton Avenue,
 Milton, Mass., offers the following: *Ladies'*
Home Journal, 1909, 1910, 1911 (complete);
Pictorial Review, 1915 (complete); *Youth's*
Companion, 1908, 1913 (complete); *Scribner's*
Magazine, 1913 (complete); *Atlantic Monthly*,
 1912 (complete).

The work has grown so it is no longer easy
 for the Book Club Secretary to care for all
 that pertains to the Club. The following
 ladies have volunteered to take charge of the
 different interests:—

FOR BIBLES, EITHER FOR REQUESTS OR
 OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. LAURA HALLETT,
 37 PINCKNEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SCRAPS FOR PATCHWORK, FOR RE-
 QUESTS, OR FOR OFFERS, TO MRS. W. B.
 NICHOLS, 25 FAIRMOUNT WAY, QUINCY, MASS.

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS,
 TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW
 AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

REQUESTS.

1. It has been a long while since I wrote you
 asking for any reading. I shall appreciate
 any good books or magazine. Thanking you
 in advance for the reading I may receive.
 Mrs. S. A. Pace, Lancaster, Texas, R. F. D. 2,
 Box 27.

2. I should be pleased to receive any liter-
 ature and also scraps for patchwork. I am
 an orphan and am alone a good part of my
 time. (Miss) Willie B. Hill, Big Island, Vir-
 ginia.

3. It is a long time since I have come to
 you for reading, and I miss it so much. I am
 shut in most of the time, have been sick for

seven months, am so nervous, and the days are so long all alone if I don't have anything to take my mind off myself. I should like so much to have back numbers of *Keramic Studio*, or *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1914 and 1915, or present year's, or anything good to read. I should appreciate this so much. Sincerely yours, Addie Hyatt, 26 Stuart Avenue, Norwalk, Connecticut.

4. I should be very glad to join your book club and receive some good books or magazines. I am fifteen years old. Grace Cook, Mountain Park, Oklahoma.

5. I am twelve years old. I live in a lonely place; should be so glad to get anything to read or any scraps for patchwork. I should greatly appreciate a small Bible. I refer you to Rev. L. L. Smith, Ansonville, North Carolina. Rosa Pat Allen, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 3.

6. Mrs. A. D. Thomas, Jackson's Gap, Alabama, would like "Pollyanna."

7. Mrs. Oscar L. Blaisdell, St. Albans, Maine, writes she has been ill but is better and ready to take up the work again. She could place magazines, books, music, or patchwork pieces where they would be much appreciated, especially good reading and patchwork pieces.

8. Duer Jones, Flat Rock, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 67A, asks for any of the Rover Boys Series, Boy Scout books, or any suitable books for boys.

9. Will you please send me scraps for patchwork? Any cotton, silk, or velvet scraps will be appreciated. I am also fond of reading, and should like to receive reading matter. I am crippled and cannot get about much. Rebecca J. Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina.

10. As I am a lone woman with two small children to raise and not able to buy suitable books for them, I should be so pleased to get some books, anything that will please or amuse them,—a boy and girl,—*The Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Youth's Companion*. I wish to correspond with some *Cheerful Letter* friend. (Mrs.) Lillie Luster, Elamsville, Virginia.

DIED.

Mrs. Lydia D. Creecy was laid to rest on Memorial Day. She had been a faithful and beloved correspondent of Mrs. Peter

Schwamb of Arlington for sixteen years. She crossed the plains when a child and lived in Blaine, Oregon, and recently in Beaver, Oregon. Mrs. Helen M. Griffey, Sebeka, Minnesota.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We had supper one night at the home of a family here with whom we have become friendly. These friends have only one child, a little daughter five years old. At supper her mother said to her,—

"Mary, will you please fetch me that book there on the chair?"

And the answer was, "Do it yourself!"

At this retort the father burst out laughing, and the mother went herself to fetch the book.

My heart and that of my wife were oppressed. We had held our breath at the answer of the child, waiting for the coming punishment, but it did not come; and we understood then that these kind people were educating their child on a principle of absolute liberty.

I would not speak of it now if I thought it was a single instance of American training. But in the short time we have been here, we have seen so many children utterly disregarding the words of their parents that we are obliged to infer that it is not unusual to let children behave that way.

We have not been here long enough to appreciate the good points which there may be in such an education. Nevertheless, although we are full of admiration for the many fine traits we have observed in the citizens of the United States, we feel that your ideal of liberty is abused when children are allowed to do whatever they like. True liberty is founded upon obedience to all the principles of truth and love; and for children liberty starts with prompt obedience to the wishes of their parents, in which they should find these ideals of truth and love fulfilled.—*From "When I was a Boy in Belgium," by Robert Jonckheere.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMALS AND THEIR HEROISM.

One of the most pathetic things is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering, says a writer in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Take horses, for instance in battle. After the first shock of a wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and, if

at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield, it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully, but uncomplainingly.

The cat, stricken with stick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure.

Sheep and cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to some far-off bough; and, as it dies, the silence is unbroken save the patter on the leaves of its own life-blood.

The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death.

The eagle, struck in midair, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.—*From The Youth's Companion.*

THE DOGS OF WAR MEET.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Sun*, describing a meeting held by the Society for the Protection of Animals at the Trocadéro, speaks of several of the famous French war dogs that were present, the recipient of "colors of honor," and says:—

The dogs, with one exception, seemed to enter the spirit of the occasion with human intelligence, and she, Lacoustic by name, heard nothing of the uproar because of losing her hearing from a cruel shrapnel wound. Fend l'Air was there, who with claws and teeth had dug her master out of the *débris* under which he had been thrown and buried. Half a dozen Red Cross dogs, bandaged and on the road to recovery, were on the stage and their exploits told—how they had run under thick shell fire in search of wounded or missing men.

A much-petted dog was Folette, which belongs to Monsieur Willaume, the mayor of Rouvres, near Verdun. The mayor was led to the wall three times to be shot, on charge of espionage, and each time the little dog hovered close to his side and could not be driven away. The exploits of brave and faithful Pyrame were told, but Pyrame could not be present, for he was at his post in the firing line. He saved an entire battalion of soldiers by signalling the ap-

proach of an attacking party of Germans through his violent barkings. The shaggy Yew-Yew shows plainly her almost two years' active service in the army, for her white wool has become torn and tattered; and the fact that she has lost an eye and an ear will probably make her more valuable in private life than in army duty now. In the early days of the war she found hundreds of dead and dying soldiers, and led the Red Cross nurses to the spot.—*From the Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE THIRD STANDARD.

"In work or play
Keep thou the one true way."
Kebler.

There were six little girls in the third standard at Langley school. They had all come to school about the same time, had all come up from the infants, and had passed the first and second standards together, and they all held close together, and knew each other's ways and looks exactly. Their names were Susan Bray, Myra Allen, Polly Smithers, Mary Smithers, Alice Long, and Lucy Hunt. Being such friends, they went on very comfortably together with their lessons, for Susan Bray, who was the sharpest of them, always answered all the difficult questions, and then the others could repeat after her, or if that was not allowed, they knew how to go on from the beginning she had made. If they were in a puzzle over their sums, the one who saw the right way to manage (it was generally Myra) would show the others her slate, or make them a sign, and Alice Long's spelling helped all the others.

Sometimes the pupil-teacher, Margaret Roller, called them to sit farther apart, or told them not to whisper nor to look at one another's slates; but they did not greatly attend to her, and it made very little difference, for they knew one another's faces so well that they could see in a moment what what was intended, and they could read slates upside down.

They were in the same class with the second standard, of whom there were many more, and who of course needed more help, so that Teacher Margaret did not always find out what they were about. But one week, when Myra Allen stayed at home because of a broken chilblain, all the sums were wrong, and perhaps that made the mistress suspect something, for she took the class one day, found Mary Smithers out in copying, and sent her to the bottom of the class. The girls all knew that to copy was against the rule, but they never thought for a moment

why. They liked to help one another, and to be saved trouble in getting through a lesson. And so they went on with their give-and-take, always with the chance of being punished when they were found out. It did not seem wrong to them like stealing, or telling falsehoods, or hurting any one.

One Sunday, however, they were learning about the duty to our neighbor. Miss Hollis made them say the eighth commandment, and of course every one answered,—

"Thou shalt not steal."

"And how does the duty to our neighbor explain it?"

Susan Bray begins,—

"To keep my hands"—

And then all the others chimed in with her,—

"From picking and stealing."

"That's right; but there is a bit more about it."

"And my"—said Susan.

"Tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering," joined in all the little poll-parrots.

"Now, is that one bit about the eighth commandment?"

Susan looked foolish, and the others looked at her.

"Now, think," said their teacher.

Nobody did think but Susan, the others waited and looked at her in case she chose to do it for them; and at last, when she had had time to say most of the Duty over to herself, she managed to recollect,—

"To be true and just in all my dealing"—

They took it up at once, and had galloped on to "bear no malice," when Miss Jessie cut them short, and made each repeat what the meaning of the commandment was.

"To be true and just in all my dealing, to keep my hands from picking and stealing."

"Now I don't want to say much about stealing; you all know what that is; and I don't think any of you would do it."

"Oh, no."

"I hope you never pick; you know what that is?"

"Taking little things," said Lucy.

"Tell me some of them."

"Getting plums out of a cake," said Susan.

"Taking bits of slate pencils," said Alice.

"Yes, or anything you are not sure you have a right to. I mean you must not take sticks out of a hedge, nor fallen apples under a tree, without leave; you know that. But I want to tell you of a way to be true and just that, perhaps, you have not thought of. Now, if you, Lucy, had a copy to write, and you showed up one that Alice had done, would that be true or just?"

"No, teacher."

"Why not?"

"I should not have done it."

"Well, and if you have a sum given you, who is to do it?"

"Me."

"How should you do it so as to be true?"

"Do it right," said Susan.

"Well, of course, you should try as hard as you can to do it right. But if a person do not do the sum herself, but only looks to see some one else's slate and take down her figures—is that being true?"

Nobody said anything except Lucy Hunt, and she whispered, "No."

"It is not telling a story," said Miss Hollis, "but acting one. You would none of you tell Miss Bolton or Margaret that you had done a sum if you had not. But if you write down the figures without really working them, and then show them up, does it not come to something very like telling a story?"

"Yes," said Lucy.

"And if she write an R on your sum or your dictation, when you have not really known, only been helped by some one, you get what you don't deserve."

"Yes."

"What do you get?"

"There ain't any prizes," said Susan.

"No, but Miss Bolton thinks you are good clever girls, and that you know more than you *do* know, don't you see? So you get more praise or credit than belongs to you, and that is not fair. You do not like children who do not play fair, do you?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, if it is wrong to cheat one another in play, is not it wrong to cheat Miss Bolton and Margaret into thinking you know better than you *do* know, or have been more industrious than you have been? It is not being *true*, is it? And who wants to have us true?"

"God," said Lucy.

"In all our dealing. What does dealing mean?"

"Selling in shops," said Susan.

"That is one meaning," said Miss Jessie.

"It is our business to give you just as much and as good articles as you pay for. That is one sort of dealing. But dealing means what we have to do with any one; and you have to be faithful and true with Miss Bolton and Margaret in your work at school. Be faithful, upright, little girls, never unfaithful in work or play."

"I never knew it was really naughty. I did not know it was a sort of story-telling," said Lucy Hunt.

"Well, we won't do it any more," said Mary.

Then they went to church. And one verse of the Psalm got a hold upon Lucy's mind.

"I hate the sins of unfaithfulness: there shall no such cleave unto me."

She asked Polly Smithers when they went out if she thought copying was a sin of unfaithfulness; but Polly said:—

"Oh, goodness, don't keep on so about that. We won't do it any more, and that's enough!"

But Lucy, as the others said, was such a girl to keep on, that the verse rung in her head, and came back when she was saying her prayers, so that when she said "deliver us from evil," she thought of unfaithfulness, and cheating her governess and teacher into thinking she knew more than she did.

She thought of it again on Monday morning, and most of all when all the children said their prayers together with their eyes shut. Reading and writing in copybooks went on as usual, and then came the sums.

The sixty-fives in five hundred and forty—how many?

Mary thought it went nine times; Lucy tried to stop her ears and eyes against the kind of murmur that came forth from Myra, and that effort took up all her attention, so that she put sixty-five down under fifty-four, and tried to subtract upside down. When that got into such a mess that she could not get on, and she looked up to wink the tears away and keep them from dropping on her slate, she saw Lily twisting hers so that the corner of it might be seen. She shook her head and would not look, and then a glance went round the class, while she rubbed her attempt out and tried nine times, but did not find out till she had subtracted, or tried to subtract, that it was too much. Then she said eight times six were thirty-two, and so got her next trial all wrong, just as the other girls—all but Mary—were holding up their hands to show that the sum was done.

"Lucy Hunt, what are you about? Look alive!" called out the teacher.

Lucy was worried and upset, and could not anyhow recollect what to do when she got to the second step in her long division sum, and had to subtract one hundred and ninety-five from two hundred and seven. She *really* knew, but she felt stupid and confused, and could not recollect, and Mary even had got on before her. So when the time for sums was up, Teacher Margaret exclaimed:—

"Well, Lucy Hunt, that is a shame! Whatever have you been about? You must be kept in."

"That comes of being proud," whispered Susan Bray. And poor Lucy began to cry.

"That child knows nothing about her

work," said Miss Bolton to her pupil-teacher; "you have been getting her on too fast. You must give her easier sums."

"I'm sure she has always done them right before. It is all contrariness," said Margaret.

"So I thought," said Miss Bolton; "but I see she really does not understand."

Lucy had gone home very unhappy and downhearted. She had very seldom been kept in before, and her mother was vexed, and wondered at her; but she only said she had not been able to do her sum. Her heart felt very heavy, as if this "hating the sins of unfaithfulness" would only bring her into disgrace for ever, and what was worse, set all her companions against her.

"Here comes the proud girl," said Lily Bell, as they gathered round the school door.

"Well, if I would be such a silly," added Alice.

"Don't, Ally; you know what Miss Jessie said, that *doing* a lie was like telling a lie."

"But if it is wrong," said poor little Lucy.

"Wrong! why, what harm does it do? It doesn't hurt any one, does it?" said Alice.

"Never mind, Ally," said Susan, coming up. "It's no use talking to Lucy Hunt. She is too proud for us."

"What's all this?" said Edith Walton, one of the sixth standard girls coming up. "What, you having words! I thought you never had!"

Polly Smithers, who was fond of Lucy, spoke up.

"They are all *at* Lucy because she would not copy her sums off theirs. Miss Jessie said it was naughty."

"Well, so it is, a mean trick. We never do in our standard, nor never did," said Edith Walton. "Never mind them, Lucy; you'll learn twice as much as they do if you learn honest and true."

This was a help and comfort to Lucy, though Susan and Myra said Edith was a stuck-up thing, who needn't give herself airs. It gave more force to the little girl's resolution when the dictation lesson was going on, and she knew she had only to lift up her eyes to see in Alice's face how to spell *niece*, and half a dozen more words that she could only make a dash at. Even Mary Smithers had given up trying to find out for herself and Lucy was the only girl who had written "*neace*." She had that and three more words to write twelve times over on her slate after she had done, and Margaret Roller scolded her again, and gave her a bad mark.

"Was it so very wrong to do as others did?" said she to herself. Why should she stand out and set them all against her, when they used to be such friends?

She went very slowly and sadly to school the next morning. She had said her prayer, but her resolution was getting very weak. She did not want to meet any of the others for fear they should be cross to her, and she only came in at the last moment before prayers. Then came the Scripture reading. Mr. Somers took that on Tuesday mornings, and it was at the end of the Sermon on the Mount, the broad and narrow way. And what the Vicar tried hard to make the little girls remember was—that everybody doing a thing did not make it a right or a safe thing to do. It was much better to be *one* doing right than to be many doing wrong. That was another strengthening help to Lucy; though she did dread the sums very much and wonder whether she should hold out. But to her surprise Margaret said in a cross voice:—

“Here, Lucy Hunt, you have been too idle and careless to get on with the rest; you are to go back to the beginning. Here—seven million eight hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred and ninety-nine to divide by thirteen. I’d be ashamed to have such a sum as that after having long division for a month.”

Susan laughed, and all the others except Mary did the same; but Lucy, though hot and ashamed, was glad, for they could not prompt her now.

And the sum came out right.

Time went on, and the girls, who were really good-natured and fond of Lucy, left off teasing her to do like them, but treated her as a fancy, like Polly’s love of chocolate, or Lily’s dislike of broth, or Alice’s turn for the infants. “Lucy never will,” they said, and they did not trouble themselves any more about her tastes, or think whether they were right or wrong. No one did, at least, except Polly Smithers, who now and then felt that Lucy was the good child among them, and wished to be like her, but was sure to get into trouble by it. Margaret Roller was proud of her class, and said they hardly ever had a wrong sum in their long division and their two first rules with money. She even got them on to multiplication of money—all but that little stupid blundering Lucy who was behind all the others.

And so came the day of inspection, and the school was quite full of girls all on their forms in their standards, with their hair in the neatest order, and their clean aprons over their second-best frocks, and large sheets of paper before the three highest standards, and new pens in their holders, and their hearts throbbing, for it was the best time of all the year for testing what

they had done and they knew that the managers of the school, the Vicar, the Squire, and Miss Manners, would give prizes to all who passed in all three subjects.

Miss Manners was there already, helping to arrange the needlework on the big table—the work down from Edith Walton’s beautiful Swiss darning to little Annie Woodfall’s bit of hemming in pink cotton.

And just as the clock struck ten, in came Mr. Somers and a tall thin gentleman with a long nose and a big black beard—a new gentleman, whom even Miss Bolton had never seen before. He shook hands with her and asked his questions of her, and desired her to make the children sing. They sang, “Shall Trelawney die?” not quite so loud or so heartily as generally, when they were twenty thousand Cornishmen, for they found themselves only forty-five little Langley girls with very quavering hearts. After two more songs, the Inspector began calling out their names and making them change places, so that Susan Bray found herself in between Edith Walton and a fourth standard girl, and Myra was ever so far off, next to a fifth and the only seventh standard girl, and Lucy Hunt had two older ones of whom she knew very little on either side of her, so that each girl felt, in a manner, lonely and apart from her own proper companions. Then came the order to write their names, their standards, their numbers, and their schools on their papers. This was new to the third standard, who last year had only worked on slates, and very carefully they wrote them; next the cards were dealt out—green cards with the sums they were to do, four in number, of which three must be done.

How anxiously Lucy looked at them, making quite sure they would be like what Teacher Margaret gave the clever ones. No—all that were marked for girls were not a bit harder than she was well used to. She had gone through the first on the sheet, which was intended for rough copies, when the standard was called on to listen to the dictation. It was read twice over, and the more difficult words explained, and Miss Bolton, who went through it, took care not to go too fast, at least, Lucy thought so, for she took in all the sense, though she was not sure of one or two words which she had never written before, especially something about delicious juices.

Then she returned to the sums, and was not disturbed in them; indeed, she had time to look them all over, and the dictation too, and to alter the word *here*, when it was used as a verb, into *hear*—having got

rong while trying to keep up with the reading; but she was much afraid that some of her other words were wrongly belled.

However, the girls were called out together to read, and then it struck Lucy that Molly's eyes looked rather like crying. Susan would have answered all the questions for everybody, if the Inspector would have let her, but he hushed her up, and let Myra and Alice and Lily have no peace till they had got answers out of one kind or another.

It was over at last, the geography, and history and needlework, and all. The Inspector had taken all the written papers and rolled them up in his bag, and the third standard were told they might go home.

They felt very hot and weary, their little rains aching with the strain, and they were very glad to run out into the air and let out their voices.

"Did you do your sums right?" asked Myra of Susan.

"Oh, yes, to be sure I did," was the answer, with a long stretch.

"And, oh! how did you spell 'delicious ices?'" asked Lily.

"Why, of course," said Myra; "d-i-u-b-le l-i-shus."

"No, that's not it. You'll be out, Susan. Now I spelled it del-e-t-i-u-s. It is always ti, you know."

"And juices?" said Mary, anxiously.

"D-i-o-u-sh-es," said Susan, triumphantly.

"Oh, Susie, I know it is not that," said Myra: "it is ch-u-s-es."

Alice Long burst out laughing. "If you've done like that!" she said.

"Well," said Lily, "I tried to get Edith Walton to give me ever so little a notion of that letter to begin with, but she was as cross as cross, and never looked round at me, though she had done it lots of times."

"But how did you spell it?" asked Mary, anxiously.

And as Alice, the good speller of the lot, went through the word, Lucy's hopes rose. He had spelled like that.

"How soon shall we know who passes?" was anxiously asked, and the elder girls were consulted on how soon the paper that they called the schedule would come back. In two or three days' time they thought, and eager eyes looked at Miss Bolton every morning when they came into school.

At last the schedule had come.—*From Langley Little Ones,* by Charlotte Yonge.

(To be continued.)

A CAT'S TRICKS.

My cat has a very bad habit of scrambling up people's backs. He loves to get up on my back when I am making candy and watch me measure the contents. He loves above all things to get up on the piano when I am practising and walk very ceremoniously up and down the keys, as much as to hint that my playing is poor.

One evening a very stately gentleman in a dress suit was walking down the street and he stopped to tie his shoe-lacing, and as I saw my cat approaching his back, I discreetly stepped back and watched from behind the bushes.

The man started to straighten up; but kitty was too quick for him, for, before the man knew what he was doing, my cat was on his back.

The man jumped very unceremoniously and grabbed kitty from his back. He glanced sheepishly around to see if any one was looking, and proceeded on his way. I glanced across the street and saw a little urchin grinning at me, having witnessed the performance. *Boston Herald.*

DO YOUR BEST ALWAYS.

People will overlook mistakes in one whom they see to be thoroughly sincere and in earnest. So put your life into even the smallest task, and the doing of it will have powerful moral influence upon others. Whether you preach, study, sell goods, till the soil, saw wood, clean lamps, cook food, or milk cows, *do your best*. There is no task so small, no honest occupation so common or menial, that it cannot be dignified and ennobled by the character of the doer. Bear in mind that not the thing you do so much as the *doing* reveals the character, the true man. Everything you do can be made the revelation of a great soul. I have great respect for the German who saws my wood and cleans my yard. He is one of the few men I have ever known who does everything in the best possible manner. He has done this sort of work for me for a year, and constantly improves. I know of a barber who has endeavored to make the best possible barber and citizen. He has succeeded. While no other barber in the city is even thought of as being worthy of any consideration as a citizen, this man is thoroughly respected. He is constantly enlarging his shop and force, but always has more than he can do. There is perfect order in his place. Men must act as gentlemen while there. They find there the best papers and

magazines, but no police literature, nothing a Christian gentleman would not take into the family room. The barber is respected in his church, is made a member of the city council, has a model home life. He has dignified his occupation. His life is a success.—*Rev. George D. Herron, in The Golden Rule.*

MALTA AND TOM.

More than thirty years ago, when I was boarding with the family of Friend Joseph Carpenter, a Quaker farmer in New Rochelle, N.Y., I witnessed a scene in animal life which touched my feelings deeply, and by its singularity impressed itself indelibly on my memory. There were two cats in the family. One was a slender, genteelly shaped Maltese, very active in her temperament and exceedingly nimble in her motions. It was a pretty sight to see her gambolling with her kittens or leaping up in the air to snap at a passing fly. On such occasions, I often used to wish that her portrait could be taken by the famous Swiss artist, whose wonderfully natural feline pictures gained for him the name of "The Cat Raphael."

The other cat was old and infirm. He was called "Grizzly Tom," on account of the color of his fur. Whether rheumatic pains and aches made him irritable, I know not; but, for some reason or other, he was the crossdest beast that one sees in a lifetime. His ill temper was particularly manifested toward the kittens, of which Pussy Malta had several broods a year. Woe to them, if while chasing their own tails, they tumbled on him as he lay stretched out in the sunshine. All agreed that Grizzly Tom was a nuisance; but he had lived in the family from kittenhood, and they had not the heart to order his execution. So he lived on, spitting and growling, clawing and scratching, whenever he was not asleep. He and Pussy Malta did not come to blows, for she was too busy to attend to fighting; but she never sought his company, and, while they were lapping milk from the same little trough, she would keep one eye on the lookout, to see what he was likely to do next.

One day Pussy Malta came in from the barn uttering the most piteous cries. Whether she had been kicked by the horses or had eaten something poisonous, we never knew; but her sufferings were most painful. Notwithstanding the application of a warm bath and warm blankets, the swelling continued to increase and her limbs twitched convulsively. Grizzly Tom, who was sleep-

ing on the "stoop," was roused by her first cry, and came looking in at the door to see what was the matter. I never saw any dumb creature express sympathy so humanly as he did. He walked slowly round and round Pussy Malta, looking at her wistfully, and now and then laying his paw gently on her fur, as if he wanted to say, "I wish I could help thee." But nothing availed. In less than an hour she was lifeless. Her hunting days were over, and she would never again frisk with her kittens.

She left three little orphans, so young that their eyes were not yet opened. When their mother breathed her last, they lay curled up together in a little furry heap, on a bit of carpet in a corner of the "stoop," all unconscious of their loss. Grizzly Tom had watched all that was done for Pussy Malta, ever and anon touching her gently with his paw. When she lay stretched out cold and stiff, he looked at her a minute, and licked her fur. Then he walked off to the "stoop," and lay down by the blind kittens, putting his paw over them protectingly. From that moment he never deserted them till they were old enough to take care of themselves; and, though they often teased him by pulling his fur or playing with his tail when he wanted to sleep, he never struck them a blow.

This incident excited a good deal of attention in the neighborhood, and I doubt not others remember it as well as I do.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

ON THINKING GLAD.

Never mind a change of scene—

Try a change of thinking.

What if things seem sordid, mean,

What's the use of blinking?

Life's not always storm and cloud,

Somewhere stars are shining.

Try to think your joys out loud,

Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,

Thinking glad and sweetly,

You'll escape the stress of night,

Worry gone completely.

Get the habit looking for

Sunbeams pirouetting,

Tapping gayly at your door—

Surest cure for fretting.

—*John Kendrick Bangs,*
in Practical Ideas.

The Christian fails in his duty if his moral and so far as possible his active, support is not given to every cause, movement, crusade and campaign having for its objects the betterment of conditions among the masses of his fellow-men, and even of God's dumb creatures.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In watch, but not in clock.
In immunity, but not in manner.
In log, but not in word.
In speech, but not in word.
In one, but not in six.
In nest, but not in home.
My *whole* spells the names of the two leading candidates for President.

II.

FAMOUS MEN.

1. — B — A — A — R — H — — — Y.
2. T — O — A — — E — — — E — S — N.
3. — I — L — A — S — W — E — .
4. — S — — — C — U — L.
5. J — M — — — — M — — — H — O — .

III.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

No. 1.

Combine six nines so as to make 100.

No. 2.

Arrange the ten digits, using each but once, so that their sum shall be 100. Also arrange the nine digits so that their sum shall be 100.

No. 3.

I am composed of five letters.
My first + my fifth gives my second.
My second + 1 gives my fourth.
Five times my first + five times my fifth gives my third. My *whole* is funny.

No. 4.

From 45 take 45 and have 45 for an answer.
—Selected.

IV.

LITERARY PUZZLE.

A—O—G—G and her friend K—C— were travelling in M— and were surprised to meet their O—F—, T—C—, who invited them to join their trip next year along O—I—T—
—T—C—R—.

V.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and mean to seize, or wound with the teeth.

Change my head, and I am to quote.

Change my head, and I am a boy's toy.

Change my head, and I am a small coin.

Again, and I am a solemn observance.

Again, and I am the place where anything is fixed.

Answers to puzzles in the September number.

I. A WHEEL.—1. Facade. 2. Faddle.
3. Fairly. 4. Feeble. 5. Feline. 6. Finish. 7. Flagon. 8. Florid.

II. ADDED LETTER PUZZLE.—Bare—blare, cant—canto, canon—Canton, cast—caste, cause—causey, dais—daisy, fad—fade, faint—faint, far—farm, hose—horse, hose—house, hour—hour.

III. ENIGMA.—God be praised I will die in peace.

IV. DIAMOND.— B
BIT
BISON
TOE
N

V. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Buck—luck.
2. Odd—add. 3. Gin—bin. 4. Ear—oar.
5. Lace—race. 6. Bean—dean. 7. Ice—ace. 8. Bear—year. Labor Day.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The Editor hopes that the story of the little girl told in the Mothers' Council by a visitor from Belgium does not quite fairly represent the average American child, but there is no doubt that there is too much of the spirit of independence and that the want of obedience to parents in American children is the fault of our nation and time. She does not remember to have witnessed quite so flagrant a breach of propriety and respect for parents in any child of her acquaintance.

She will be glad to receive from readers of the *Cheerful Letter* anecdotes drawn from personal observation. Such stories may be useful to others, and she will be glad to print them in the Mothers' Council.

In most cases it is not the fault of the child so much as of the mother. Jacob Abbott says, "We ought never to say 'what a naughty child,' but 'what an unfaithful, incompetent mother.'" This may be rather severe, when perhaps the mother has done the best she could, but does not know how to handle the moods and the tempers of the child.

We have an opportunity now to hold a symposium on this subject. L. F. C.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is Third Avenue and Second Street, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 48 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, November 3, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.